CORRESPONDENCE.

Dallas Centre, Iowa, Items.

Away out here, 21 miles north-west of Des Moines, lies the enterprising town of Dallas Centre, with its 500 inhabitants and 4 churches, which would of course indicate the heterogeneous material which the town is composed of. Here some are for Calvin, some for Wesley, some for the Priest and a few for Christ. Dallas is bounded on the west by the Painter Creek German Baptist congregation, with Elder Robert Badger to bear the rule, and on the east by the Dallas Centre congregation, with Elder Michael Sisler, of California noteriety, with Annual Meeting mandates in hand, to lead the way.

In the midst of these surroundings, there was a little Brethren church organized in the town, in the year '86, with 10 members, with brethren Noah Flora and Wm. F. Harris, elders. The brethren have stood the flood of opposition bravely, and the Lord has blessed them temporally and spiritually, so that they have been enabled to erect and complete a nice little church in town, and have also added 6 to their number since their organization. By request of the brethren here, and consent of the brethren at Waterloo, I attended the communion here, on the evening of the 10th inst., and also tried to preach some for them. There were some indications for good, the interest gradually increasing, and we believe the day is not far off when there will be quite an ingathering. I cannot see why people who really have the cause of Christ at heart should object to uniting with such kind hearted people as the brethren at Dallas Centre are. True that pested Mallott scandal is, and will be, a barrier for some time yet. Mallott dedicated their church and held a series of meetings for them, and a few came out for membership, but when the disgraceful report was rumored here and confirmed, they became discouraged and never went any further. The brethren however seem to be firm and resolute, believing that success will depend largely on their perseverance.

May God bless them, and enable them to stand firm to their creed—the Bible,—and may He speed the time when many who are now just waiting to see what will "become of the city," will see the propriety of stepping in to help fight the battles of the Lord.

Many thanks to the brethren at Dallas for their kindness to me, and especially to brother and sister Flora, who cared for me so kindly when I was so sick at their comfortable home in Dallas Centre.

J. H. SWIHART.

Deeper Consecration and Spirituality.

BY E. L. HILDERBRAND.

A short experience in the ministry has convinced me that we need more genuine consecration of heart in the church of Christ. There are too many intellectual conversions: Persons who have never "tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come," or "been made partakers of the Holy Ghost." Individuals, who have been logically convinced that it was right to be immersed in water but once, that is done they stop short and thus never experience the joys of a higher Christian life.

Instead of "going on nuto perfection," they remain back and justify themselves with these first "principles," debating,haranguing, making trouble and complaining for fear that some one will produce the "fruits of the Spirit."

I believe in the genuine "experimental religion" that casts the devil out of a man and enthrones Jesus Christ in his heart, that produces pippins and ramboes instead of thorn apples and sour crabs.

We need a revival on the subject of spirituality and why not begin now. I find in my experience that there are so many people that are in doubt as to whether they have "passed from death unto life." There is too much "don't know" and not enough "I believe" and "I know." In people's confessions now days, there are too many church members that don't know whether they have religion or something else.

If there are any of you that read these lines, that have not the witness with yourselves, turn to the Word of God, find the receipt and apply the remedy unto yourselves until you have been restored to spiritual health, when you will have the spirit itself bearing witness with your spirit that you are a child of God.

Now I have candidly written my sentiments on this subject, hoping you will give it the consideration it justly deserves, and aspire with renewed zeal after holiness as it is in "Christ Jesus our Lord."

Yours for the Master's sake.

Spiritual Foresight.

"That young man must either preach, backslide, or die," said a discerning Christian man, after listening to the fervid utterances of a young disciple.

Some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards it was the writer's lot to stand by the open grave of that young man, and offer such words of comfort as he could to the mourners that gathered there. He had not preached the gospel. He had lived a worldly, weary, restless, discontented life, and only after a long and painful illness had he turned in broken-heartedness to seek the Saviour's face.

With humble hope we read above his grave the words, "While he was yet a great way off the father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him;" and then turned away to think what *might have been* had he been wisely trained and nurtured in the ways of God, and had he devoted his life to the service of Him who gave it.

It is no strange thing for spiritually minded Christians to foresee what may be the will of Providence concerning those just entering upon the Christian course. Thus Paul says, "This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, *according to the prophecies which went before on thee*, that thou by them mightest war a good warfare." 1 Tim. i. 18. And such provisions were not confined to apostolic days, for many such cases might be cited from the experiences of true disciples.

A noteworty instance of this spiritual foresight is seen in the experience of Charles H. Spurgeon of London, as recently related by himself:

"I have been preaching in Essex this week, and I took the opportunity to visit the place where my grandfather preached so long, and where I spent my earliest days. Last Wednesday was to me a day in which I walked like a man in a dream. Everybody seemed bound to recall some event or other of my childhood. What a story of divine love and mercy it did bring before my mind!

"Among other things, I sat down in a place that must be sacred to me.

"There stood in my grandfather's manse garden two arbors made of yew-trees, cut into sugar-loaf fashion. Though the old manse had given way to a new one, and the old chapel had gone also, yet the yew-trees flourish as aforetime. I sat down in the right hand arbor, and bethought me of what had happened there many years ago.

"When I was a young child staying with my grandfather there came to preach in the village Mr. Knill, who had been a missionary at St. Petersburg, and a mighty preacher of the gospel. He came to preach for the London Missionary Society, and arrived on a Saturday at the manse. He was a great soul-winner, and he soon spied out the boy. He said to me,

" 'Where do you sleep? for I want to call you up in the morning.'

"I showed him my little room. At six o'clock he called me up and we went into that arbor. There, in the sweetest way, he told me of the love of Jesus, and of the blessedness of trusting in him and loving him in our childhood. With many a story he preached Christ to me, and told me how good God had been to him, and then he prayed that I might know the Lord and serve him.

"On Monday morning he did as on the Sabbath, and again on Tuesday. Three times he taught me and prayed with me, and before he had to leave, my grandfather had come back from the place where he had gone to preach, and all the family were gathered to morning prayer. Then, in the presence of them all, Mr. Knill took me on his knee and said,

" 'This child will one day preach the gospel, and he *will preach it to great multitudes*. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Lowland Hill, where, (I think he said), I am now the minister.'

"He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Then he gave me a sixpence as a reward if I would learn the hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

I was made to promise that when I preached at Rowland Hill's chapel, that hymn should be sung. Think of that as a promise from a child! Would it ever be other than an idle dream? Years flew by. After I had begun for some little time to preach in London, Dr. Alexander Fletcher had to give the annual sermon to children in Surrey chapel, but as he was taken ill, I was asked in a hurry to preach to the children. 'Yes,' I said, 'I will, if the children will sing "God moves in a mysterious way." I made a promise long ago that it should be sung.' And so it was; I *preached in Rowland Hill's chapel*, and the hymn was sung. My emotion on that occasion I cannot describe. Still that was not the chapel which Mr. Knill intended. All unsought by me the minister at Wottonunder-Edge which was Mr. Knill's summer residence, invited me to preach there. I went on the condition that the congregation should sing, 'God moves in a mysterious way'—which was also done. After that I went to preach for Mr. Richard Knill himself. who was then at Chester. What a meeting we had!

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

After more than forty years of the Lord's loving kindness, I sat again in that arbor! No doubt it is a mere trifle to outsiders, but to me it was an overwhelming moment. The present minister of Stambourn meeting-house, and the members of his family, including his son and his grand-children, were in the garden, and I could not help calling them together around that arbor, while I praised the Lord for his goodness. One irresistible impulse was upon me, it was to pray God to bless those lads that stood around me. The memory begat the prayer."—THE CHRISTIAN.

A $5,000 Object Lesson.

A man having large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the value and purchasing power of money. For some months every whim, no matter how extravagant, was promptly gratified by the indulgent husband who always gave his check for any amount of money asked. One day the bride of a few months, to carry out some caprice, requested a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was somewhat staggered thereby. He saw such prodigality if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her an object lesson in the financial line. Accordingly with a smile of seeming acquiescence, he remarked that the supply of checks was exhausted, but he would send up the money from the office.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp $500 bills as was expected, but in sterling silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags. The wife was at first vexed, and then amused, and finally before the afternoon wore away she became deeply thoughtful. When her better half came home to supper she took him gently by the arm, and, leading him into the hall where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this mornng?"

"It is my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take all this in dollar for dollar in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes, my dear; it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor," he answered gently.

"Well then," she said with tearful eyes, "send around a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose."—*Author unknown.*

True Piety.

But do not ye after their works; for they say, and do not. (Matt. xxiii. 3.)

Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God. (III. John i. 11.)

Let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous. (I. John iii. 7.)

For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. (Romans ii. 13.)